

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

VOL. XVII.—No. 20.
Copyright, 1886, by PETER FENWICK COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1886.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

AUG 22 1886



MARAQUITA.



621-647 West Fourteenth Street.
618-624 West Fourteenth Street.
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS:	
COLLIER'S WEEKLY and THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, one year and choice of any set of premium books, including:	
Balzac's "Human Comedy,"	
Sue's "Wandering Jew," in five volumes, with Dore illustrations,	
Life of the Great Napoleon,	
Capitals of the Globe,	
Milton's Paradise Lost, or Dante's Inferno	\$1.50
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid	\$1.50
COLLIER'S WEEKLY and Premium Books, exclusive of Library	\$1.50
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid	\$1.50
THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, without the newspaper, twenty-six numbers per year	\$1.50
Single copies of THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY	25

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse, dependent upon the distance from New York, from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should COLLIER'S WEEKLY fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, COLLIER'S WEEKLY Building, No. 525 West 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "trace" through the post office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 525 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

All correspondence regarding our short stories, poems or other contributions will be expected to keep copies thereof, as the publisher and proprietor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY declines to be held responsible for their return. However, in all cases where stamps are enclosed for return postage the proprietor will endeavor to comply with the requests.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH this issue we send the second part of a notable novel by Mr. William Le Queux entitled "Devil's Dice." Mr. Le Queux is one of the most prominent of our living writers of English fiction, and "Devil's Dice," his latest work, is undoubtedly the strongest and most interesting he has yet written. Following this will appear, in two parts, "The Mystery of the Brilliants"; or, Mrs. Elliot's Heir," by Edith C. Kenyon and the Rev. R. G. Soans, B.A.; "The City of Refuge," by Sir Walter Besant, and "What Cheer," by W. Clark Russell. These great works will cost the subscribers to the Fortnightly Library about four cents a copy, and after their publication in that form it will be impossible to procure them for less than \$1.50 per volume.

For your choice of such books as Washington Irving's works, Carleton's works, poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, in four volumes, beautiful large type; Female Poets of America, Poets of England, Poets of America, formerly sold for \$15.00; Capitols of the Globe, by Edgar Saltus—a great book well worth \$4.00; Dante's Inferno and Milton's Paradise Lost—both \$1.00 books; twenty-six such novels as those mentioned above and fifty-two copies of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which is undoubtedly one of the best illustrated weekly papers now published, the price is \$6.50, payable \$1.00 on delivery of the premium, and the balance at the rate of fifty cents per month until the \$6.50 is paid. This is more than you can get for \$12.00 from any other publisher. We are enabled to do this through our unusually large circulation and our improved machinery.

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.

THE London *National Review*, which strives, with commendable earnestness, to obtain an accurate knowledge of men and things American, was grievously misinformed when it allowed itself to say in the August edition, speaking of arbitration and its champions in the United States: "It is also advocated by a certain number of windbags of the Chauncey Depew type, to whom it is useful in their careers as interviewees. But every sensible American one meets warns one against treating Mr. Chauncey Depew as a man of weight, his function being to supply 'copy' to the newspapers." We should inspect with considerable interest a "sensible American" who could permit himself to refer in the terms quoted to one of the most thoroughly respected, esteemed and trusted men on this side of the Atlantic. We assure the editor of the *National Review* that he has been even more egregiously deluded in this instance than are the English readers of the New York correspondence of the *London Times*, for which he expresses a well-deserved contempt. We shall find it easy to demonstrate that there are few men in this country whose character and conduct are more synonymous with solid worth, or whose opinions, alike in public and in private affairs, are

invested with greater authority than are those of Chauncey Mitchell Depew.

It is the story of a typical American which we shall outline in a few paragraphs. Mr. Depew was born in 1834, in the village of Peekskill, N. Y., on a farm which had been in the possession of his father's family for a hundred and fifty years. On the paternal side, he is descended from one of those Huguenots who left France about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who founded the town of New Rochelle in the British province of New York. On the mother's side, he is a representative of a distinguished New England family whose most illustrious member was Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His father was by no means rich, but he was able to give his son a liberal education. At the age of twenty-two Chauncey M. Depew was graduated from Yale College with high honors, and, two years later, was admitted to the Bar. Contemporaneously, he was chosen a delegate to the Republican State Convention, thus entering upon the practice of law and politics at the same time. In 1860, being then but twenty-six, he stumped the State of New York for Lincoln with remarkable success, having already mastered the secret of attracting a public assemblage, and thus holding its ear for the more serious business of instruction. In 1861 he was chosen a member of the Assembly, and, being re-elected in the following year, was made chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and acted during part of the session as Speaker pro tem. How powerfully he had already commanded himself to the Republican leaders may be judged from the fact that, in 1863, when the aim was to reverse the Democratic victory gained in the preceding twelve months through the election of Horatio Seymour to the Governorship, Mr. Depew was made the standard-bearer of the Republican party as its candidate for Secretary of State. During the campaign which followed he led the forces of his party, speaking twice a day for six consecutive weeks, and was eventually proclaimed the victor by a majority of thirty thousand. Under Johnson's Administration the place of United States Minister to Japan was offered to him, but declined, and, in 1872, he permitted the use of his name as a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on the Liberal Republican ticket. Two years later he was the choice of the Legislature for Regent of the State University, and was also appointed one of the Commissioners to build the Capitol at Albany. In the winter of 1881-82 he received more Republican votes in the Legislature for the place in the Federal Senate left vacant by Mr. Conkling than all of his competitors put together, and, in 1884, the Republicans of all factions, then commanding a majority of nearly two thirds at Albany, tendered the United States Senatorship to Mr. Depew, who was constrained, however, by the multitude of his professional and business duties, to refuse the honor. It is fresh in remembrance that, at the National Republican Convention of 1888, Mr. Depew was a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and received the solid vote of the State of New York, and that it was he who nominated President Harrison for a second term at the Minneapolis Convention in 1892. It is less generally known that, when Mr. Blaine resigned the post of Secretary of State, it was offered to Mr. Depew, who, amid the burdens of his business cares, felt himself obliged to renounce a place the most eminent that an American can occupy next to that of Chief Magistrate.

Mr. Depew's professional and business life may be said to have taken definite shape when, in 1866, he was appointed the attorney for the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, three years after which he undertook similar functions for the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. He was invited to

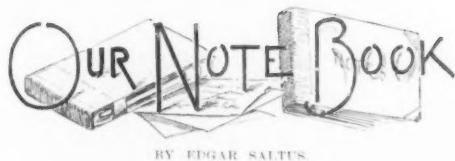
occupy these offices because his resources and abilities had compelled the admiration of Commodore Vanderbilt and of the latter's son and successor, William H. Vanderbilt; and, as the Vanderbilt influence extended, and one road after another was brought under it, the range of Mr. Depew's official jurisdiction became correspondingly wider until, in 1875, he was made general counsel for the entire Vanderbilt system, and elected to a directorship in each of the score or more lines comprised in it. He is now president of the New York Central and of six other railway companies, Regent of the University of the State of New York, a director of the Western Union Telegraph Company, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of the Union Trust Company, of the Hudson River Bridge Company, and of twenty other corporations. He was for seven successive years president of the Union League Club of New York, and he was elected, ten years consecutively, president of the Yale Alumni Association. We beg to inform the London *National Review* that it is not the custom of American business men and financiers to select a windbag for such positions.

It is true that Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is a post-prandial speaker of unrivaled grace and felicity, and that, in this capacity, he may not unfairly be described as a favorite purveyor of "copy" to the press. But, for elaborate and serious orations to be delivered on memorable occasions, no contemporary American has been in greater request. Among a hundred speeches of the kind we shall merely recall the address delivered at the Centennial Celebration of the formation of the State Government at Kingston, N. Y., on July 30, 1877; the address at the unveiling of the statue of Alexander Hamilton; the address at the memorial services of President Garfield; the memorial addresses before the New York Legislature for ex-President Arthur and ex-Governor Fenton; the oration before the Society of the Army of the Potomac; the oration at the Centennial Celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States, and, finally, the Columbian Oration at the dedication ceremonies of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1892. These facts are, apparently, unknown in England, and we commend them to those Englishmen who, like the editor of the *National Review*, are in danger of being gulled by the mendacity or ignorance of so-called "sensible Americans."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AGAIN.

THE German Emperor has again been bringing himself before the public by the issue of another decree based on his favorite doctrine of the "divine right." This last demonstration of absolutism has called forth the following comment from the *Saturday Review*:

"The German Emperor has long ago grown tired of playing at being Volks-Kaiser, and is now in full cry against the Socialists. His last decree goes in some respects beyond even the Bismarckian 'Maulkorbgesetz' which failed so lamentably to check Socialism in the eighties. Under the new regulation no soldier or non-commissioned officer is to be permitted to take part in any meeting or festival, or to contribute to any subscription, without the express permission of his superior officer. As the 'army' in the decree includes the reserve, it will be seen that the Emperor proposes to regulate the outgoings and incomings of the majority of the younger men in Germany. The *Post* and the rest of the rabidly Imperialist papers, not content with this, suggest that the regulation should be extended to the Universities; but even in Germany that would be a task beyond the policeman's reach. It is futile acts of tyranny of this sort that have given German Socialism its two million votes at the polls. If the Emperor were not above taking advice, we would assure him that he would do more in a week to make Socialism ridiculous and odious by summoning an International Socialist Congress to meet in Berlin than by sitting on the safety valve for a decade."



THE passing of Mrs. Hicks-Lord terminates a career absolutely spectacular. In other conditions, in earlier days, she would have become one of the heroines of history. In the way we live now she was unable to be more than a social adventuress. In the recent obituaries she was catalogued as a social leader. Mrs. Hicks-Lord was not that. Socially speaking she was at most a curiosity never wholly accepted and never wholly debarred. The conquest of New York—such as that conquest was—was achieved by indirection. After the death of her first husband, Thomas Hicks, a rich man and an old one, she went abroad. In lieu of letters of introduction she had letters of credit. By way of passport she had a physique which was superb and an undeniable charm. Beauty may allure, but graciousness enchains. And when to graciousness you add tact and cheek and checks you have what the French call une maîtresse femme—a masterful woman—which is precisely what she was.

In London Mrs. Hicks put up at Claridges—a hotel unique in that its guests were almost exclusively royals. And still more unique in that the management would pick and choose. It was not every royal who could knock and be sure of being opened to. The last King of Holland, for instance, who was a thoroughly disreputable old party, couldn't get so much as a third floor back. His son, too, the Prince of Orange—Citron to the ladies of the ballet—who, if a high-roller, was a good chap and a gentleman, was not respectable enough to be admitted there. What constituted the particular charm of that inn I have wondered and never known. To this day there is gas only in the main hall. As for running water, I suppose it may be found in the kitchens, but I doubt it. The place is dark and dingy. The furniture is of that kind which was made to frighten children. The cooking is good if plain. The cellar is excellent, and the service is the very best you will find anywhere. Though only royals and magnificent nobles are received, there is in that part of the world nothing more royally magnificent than a rich American. To my personal knowledge the Empress of Austria haggles over her hotel bills. Why shouldn't she, if she likes? It is better to do that than to imitate others of her rank who disdain to haggle and also to pay. With rich Americans there is nothing of this. Hence the affection which they inspire abroad. Hence their reception, too. But there is another reason. Europeans don't care a hang what we are at home. They are amused when you tell them that Mrs. So-and-So is not received in New York, that Mr. So-and-So is a bounder. Let Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So happen to please them, and that is supersufficient.

Quite aware of all this, Mrs. Hicks took the best there was at Claridges; if I remember rightly, she took it all. What her plan of campaign was, whether indeed she had any, is uncertain. But like all people who have a destiny, fate served her. Eugenie the Ex came to London, and, as was her Imperial habit, to Claridges, too. There was not even a third floor back. The management asked Mrs. Hicks would it inconvenience her greatly to relinquish a floor to the Empress. Mrs. Hicks, with a cheek which is historic, said that she was not relinquishing anything, but that if the Empress cared she would be glad to receive her as a guest. And there at Claridges as Mrs. Hicks's guest the Empress remained for weeks. It was a card which Mrs. Hicks literally played for all she was worth. The entertainments which she gave were so lavish and so frequent that a few years later of the fortune which her husband had left little remained.

Meanwhile she had hobnobbed with the best. She went everywhere and every one came to her—tradespeople even with their little bills. The little bills were paid to the last penny, and Mrs. Hicks returned to New York.

At the time when Hicks was wooing and winning her, she was also wooed by Thomas Lord, a man quite as old as Hicks, but not quite as rich. Subsequently he married. His wealth increased. His wife died. His wealth elongated. When Mrs. Hicks returned to New

York he was a widower. He had six children, six million, and a memory. He remembered the Annette Wilhemina Wilkins whom he had wooed and had not won, and he set about it again. A man with a million is attractive; with six he is irresistible. Mrs. Hicks told him as much. But a man with that amount of money is handy to have about the house. Mr. Lord's six children did not like the idea of losing him. When he told them that Mrs. Hicks was to be their step-mother they answered with a *writ de lunatico inquirendo*. It was not complimentary, however you may look at it, and it was useless, too. Mr. Lord, although then a very old man, succeeded in dodging the bailiffs and in making Mrs. Hicks Mrs. Lord. That was in 1877, and I remember as though it were yesterday the scandal that it created, a scandal rather increased at the discovery that while the bailiffs were hunting for Mr. Lord that gentleman was leading a life of entire seclusion in her house. The *writ* was abandoned, and there for a year and a day Mr. Lord and his bride resided. At the expiration of that period Mrs. Hicks-Lord was a widow, a rich widow, and an imposing one, too. A little later, if I may venture to speak of myself, I went abroad. I lost sight of the lady. If I am not mistaken, she also went abroad. Eight or nine years ago I was bidden by her to a reception which she gave in Washington Square. A few days prior to the entertainment I met her at a tea and asked might I bring a friend. "The more the merrier," she answered, a reply which she must have made to others. There were people at that reception whom she had never seen. There were others whom she did not see. And there were still others whom no one had ever encountered anywhere before. As I was a guest it would be unarbeit to find fault with her, and even had I not been, I could not in justice do so. The fault was not hers. The door was open, the rabble strode in. So great was the crush that tapestries were torn from the walls. There were chairs that were broken, vases that were smashed, a din that was deafening, a loss of wraps and robes which many a woman remembers yet, the loss of one particular hat of which I mind me still. In the main drawing-room the hostess stood, saw the crush, heard the crash, and smiled unmoved. It was heroic. About her there must have been fifty women, without their bonnets, whom she had asked to help her receive. There were those among them who were frightened. But this lady stood, towed rather, very queenly, undisturbed.

Five or six years ago she gave another reception. I was abroad at the time, and only rumors of it reached me. On the morrow she was taken ill. Thereafter she passed out of sight. A fortnight ago when I read her obituaries they seemed to tell of one dead long since. And yet in these last years, as she sat alone in that great lonely house of hers, it may be that never had she been more thoroughly alive. She had but to close her eyes, and what a panorama unrolled behind them! There were the splendid pageants of splendid courts, the blare of fanfares and the swirl of plumes. There was recognition by the great, the adulation of men, the envy of women. There were triumphs, there were failures, successes and defeats, emotions in every form, sensations of every kind, save the one which outranks them all. And it may be as she sat alone in that great lonely house she would have bartered all the visions of the past for a single memory of another kind.

Of those visions surely she must have cried to herself, as Browning did:

"Shut them out with their glories and their triumphs
and the rest.
Love is best."

As big men go a pretty big man is Li Hung Chang. His wealth is fabulous. His power is autocratic. His magnificence is mythical. He is Viceroy of China, with the right of life and death over every human being in those immense domains. I wonder what we are going to do with him? By comparison the Infanta Eulalie was easy as a child to entertain. But what are you going to do with a representative of the semi-divine? The Emperors of China are less of the earth than the Emperors of Rome. The latter claimed divinity merely after death. Many of them sprang from the ranks. Several were frankly plebeian. And in the subsequent divinity which they claimed few of them had much faith, the majority none at all, some even

jeered at it. But the Emperors of China claim that they descend from the sun, that they are wholly divine, that their divinity was pre-existent, continuous, without an end. They not only claim it, they believe it. What are we to do with their representative? Laugh in his face?

Li Hung Chang, if not an erudite as that word is used, he is something more. He is a philosopher who has seen the world. The fashion in which he speaks English is said to be impeccable. His mastery of tongues exceeds Bismarck's. For if Bismarck speaks all European languages, it is with the same accent. The Chinese Viceroy speaks the Court tongues of the Occident as they should be spoken, and if I am not incorrectly informed, those of the Orient as well. How are we going to entertain a man such as that? Like all wise men, he eats little and simply. Dinners, big dinners—bad dinners, as all big dinners are—have no charms for him. The most exquisite faces on earth are those of the Chinese upper class. The spectacle of our prettiest women assembled at some ball would be as alluring to him as a game of jackstraws to you and to me.

A very beautiful sunset, a naval combat at close range, a terrific railway collision, some convulsion of Nature or of machinery would, I take it, interest him very much. Otherwise if we wish to be courteous and study his tastes, I submit that the one suitable thing is to provide him, while here, with a suite of professors picked, chosen and sorted out from Harvard, Columbia and Yale, with whom, when he wishes, he may exchange ideas, and who, when he doesn't, will have the tact to let him alone.

In the city of Dunfries, on the 21st of last month, my Lord of Rosebery delivered the centenary commemoration of the death of Robert Burns. His praise was as high as language could make it. He declared that in genius and fame Burns stands unrivaled; that the worship of Burns expands with time, and a lot more of similar tenor.

It is not my business to rehearse gossip, and if it were I should balk. But between gossip and history there is a margin. A little over a year ago Rosebery was very ill. He had nervous prostration. Any physician worth his salt will tell you that in nine cases out of ten nervous prostration is superinduced by the fear of fright. What Rosebery feared every one knows. It was discussed everywhere except in the newspapers. Fortunately for him he had but the fear of the fright, not the fright itself. It was enough, though. It marked him. The result is in that speech. To say that in genius and fame Burns stands unrivaled is rot. To say that his worship grows with the generations is driveling. As for the rest of the speech it is asinine.

Burns sang of Nature, of love, of patriotism, of friendship, of labor, of the dignity of it and of the dignity of man. He sang very well and he sang very true. His verse is simple and it is strong. It contains lines that are exquisite, ideas clairvoyant in their nobility and statements which only a paradoxist would care to refute. But these lines, like the ideas and statements, are infrequent. A book entitled "The Gems of Burns" would consist of one page. What he wrote was for the masses, and the masses never read.

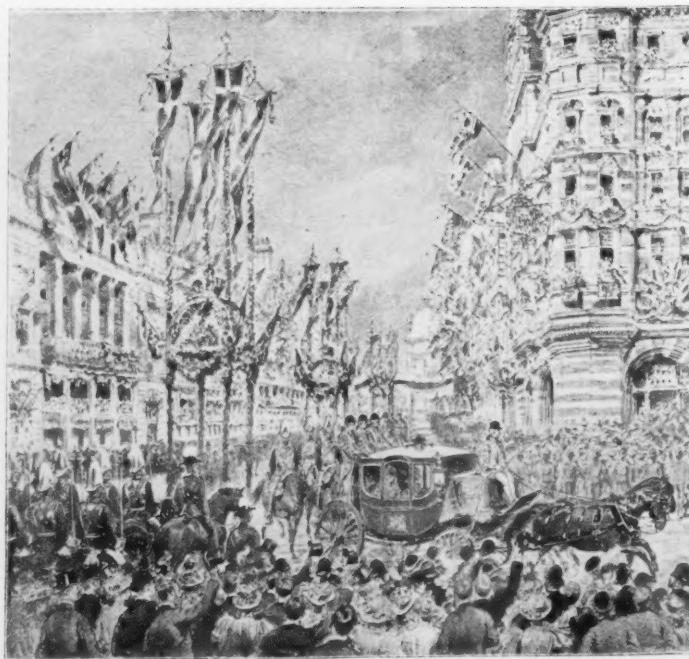
There are four classes of poets. First is the poet who sees, who feels and appreciates and who does not write verse. Second is the poet who writes for poets alone. Third is the poet whom all educated people enjoy. And fourth is the poet whom the educated do not enjoy but whom the uneducated may.

As an example of the first category there is Walter Pater. In the second there is Mallarme. In the third there is Swinburne. In the fourth there is Beranger in France, and in Scotland Burns.

With all deference to my Lord of Rosebery, with many apologies to the ex-Prime Minister, with my excuses to the winner of the Derby, with entire courtesy to the widower of the richest heiress of England, with proper lowliness and humility to one who has done so much—and who came precious near undoing it all—with absolute respect to this Right Honorable Earl, I will venture to say that there is not one alone, but that there are ten Victorian poets beside whom Burns is very small pumpkins, and as for his genius and fame, there is not one of them who could not match him for it and never miss it if he lost.



THE SAILOR PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING THE CHAPEL AFTER THE WEDDING.



THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC AFTER THE CEREMONY.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING LONDON.



GUESTS INSPECTING THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

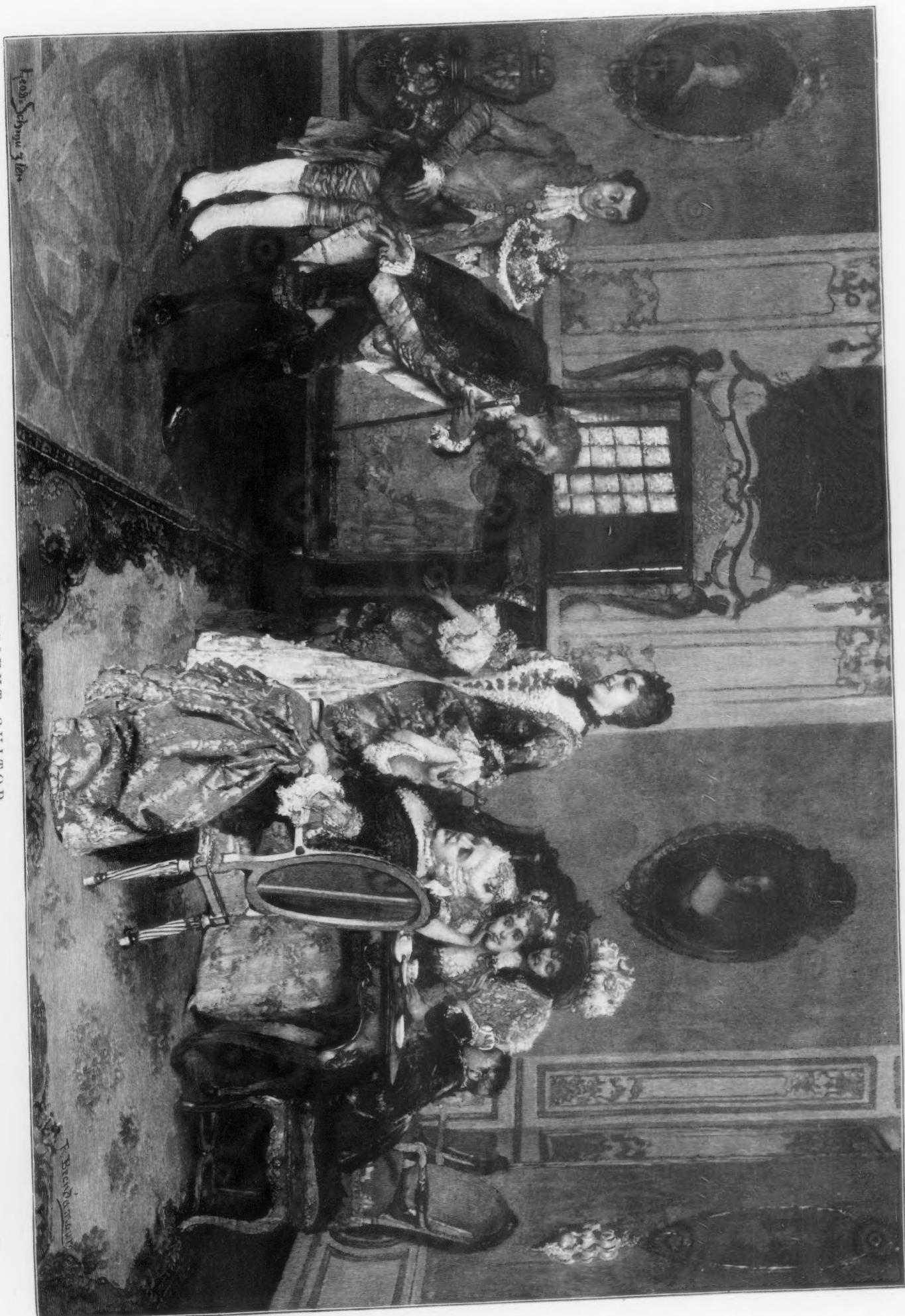


THE ROYAL WEDDING IN LONDON.

AUGUST 20, 1896.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

5



AN ANCIENT SUITOR.

MEN, MANNER, AND MOODS

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

IV.

In a recent magazine article Mr. Marion Crawford, writing of St. Peter's at Rome, makes what has struck me as a very ill-advised statement. "The first sight of St. Peter's," he says, "affects one as though, in the every-day streets, walking among one's fellows, one should meet with a man forty feet high."

I confess that my own first visual encounter with this unparalleled structure was totally different. I saw it looming venerable below the limpid indigo of a cloudless winter sky, and I cannot say that the fact of its enormous size was borne in upon my intelligence any more vividly than in former days the lesser but still important bulk of Notre Dame, or the Strasburg Cathedral, or Sainte Gudule in Brussels, or the imperial Antwerp church. Bernini's florid but imposing colonnades, curving forth into a sculptural embrace of the huge fountained and pillared square, prevent, I think, any immediate impression of vastness. St. Peter's only shows us, in my opinion, that it is the one solitary architectural giant of basilicas, after we have moved close to its towering facade, then receded, then reapproached. Poor Bernini, maker of so many insipid-smiling angels and lackadaisical saints, has been fiercely abused for certain work of an incontestable badness that it has become the fashion to condemn him even when his efforts have made for distinct stateliness and felicity. He was so far from being a great artist that you wonder at his success with the approaches to this colossal pile when, in the year 1657, Pope Alexander VII. commissioned him to prepare them. It seems to me that as you emerge upon the Piazza Rusticucci from the narrow and dirty little street leading thither, St. Peter's rather yields its spaciousness to the delighted eye than smites it, as Mr. Crawford would have us believe, in the sense of an abrupt monstrosity. Later I was struck with this fact while standing on the roof of the Palazzo Rusticucci itself, a building in which Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot (known almost as well through her own sparkling fiction as through the fine abilities of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, her mother) has apartments. An intensely brilliant moon was reigning in a speckless heaven on a certain evening when I visited this lady. The idea of looking at St. Peter's by the aid of moonlight so marvelous, gladdened the whole little assembled company when suggested by Mrs. Elliot. She soon led the way, and we mounted winding marble steps—everything in Italy is always marble when wood can possibly be dispensed with—and soon found ourselves in a sort of loggia, whose pale, carved balustrade commanded the most magnificent view of the entire square of St. Peter's. All the endless huddled mass of the Vatican was in deepest shadow, but the rounded dome loomed above it with the placid luster of a prodigious pearl. Effects like those of smoke, mist, moonlight, tend to magnify, we are told, the object through which they are viewed. If this fact held true on that particular evening, then the white air wrought some kind of visual harmony with the towering roofs and walls beyond, melting down saliences and blurring abutments, till the whole breadth and height seemed only a little less insubstantial than the moonlight itself. Such moments are unforgettable. I thought of how many thousand moons had beamed down on that far-famed site—immemorial moons that may have watched the lions drinking martyrs' blood in Nero's loud, wild circus, or seen the little oratory of Anacletus flower forth from that, like good from evil; or in turn marked Constantine's church where Charlemagne had himself crowned king of kings; or beheld, in the aftertime, on and on through accumulating ages, the basilica grow and grow, in girth, wealth and thrif.

When the great leather curtain has swung back again, righting itself ponderously, released from the momentum of your push, and you stand within the mightiest ecclesiastic structure ever known to have been built, your feelings are very different from those roused by an exterior view. Many people have said that St. Peter's should be visited again and again in

order to appreciate its internal magnitude. From this judgment I should dissent. One circular stroll, I should say, ought to be amply convincing. More than this—a progress of three hundred yards midway along the superbly tessellated floor should assure one of how incomparable are these new proportions of distance in which his eye is called upon to deal. Here, almost instantaneously, I found, the titanic glories of the place became evident. The poet Gray long ago said: "I saw St. Peter's" (meaning the interior) "and was struck dumb with astonishment." This is hardly surprising as a confession from the man who wrote what is perhaps the most faultless poem in the whole of English literature.

It surprises me that so much critical disapprovement and even scorn has been heaped upon the sculptures of St. Peter's. Some of the tombs in the side-chapels are, it is true, designed with wretched taste. Of course, as we all know, scarcely any monument of special historic note now exists here which is earlier than the sixteenth century. Eighty-seven popes were buried in the old cathedral, and on its destruction nearly all their tombs were irretrievably lost. To the passionate antiquarian—and the passionate antiquarian is not seldom a most tedious prig—this is all a deplorable calamity. It is the fashion to rave over Michelangelo's statue of *La Pietà*, undoubtedly a fine work of art, yet done in the twenty-fourth year of this remarkable man's life, and hence showing signs of immaturity. The figure of the dead Christ upon the lap of a notably youthful Virgin struck me as almost a physical impossibility. But whatever Michelangelo has left—and he has left a great deal of unfinished and unsatisfactory sculpture among the museums of his beloved Florence—we are expected to admire with bated breath. To my mind he was a sculptor often strikingly original, but quite as often distressingly eccentric. As for many of the mural tombs in St. Peter's, they may not be of the highest grade, but they are not seldom replete with exquisite touches. I could mention at least twenty papal mausoleums in St. Peter's that are worthy of extremely high, if not the very highest, praise. It is sometimes amusing to meet New Yorkers in Rome who affect contempt of work in marble and bronze (and, for that matter, in porphyry, onyx, chalcedony and the choicest of African stone) that utterly transcends anything they have ever gazed upon in their own town—from which, as frequently happens, they have sailed almost directly to the Eternal City. All in all, it is hardly conceivable that sculpture could have treated these subjects in a more appropriate and capable spirit. One saint may differ from another in glory, one pope may differ from another in celebrity and distinction; but the chisel of the commemorating artist must perforce avoid unseemly fantasy and inventiveness when conditions funereal and mortuary invoke its skill. I have seen literal horrors of imagery glaring from certain aisles in Westminster Abbey, and we all know that the British tomb-maker is a pretty wicked fellow when bent on doing his worst. Italian badness, in this respect, is blossoming genius by comparison.

And what little actual artistic badness you may light upon among those statues and reliquies in St. Peter's is minimized, even erased, by the whole incomparable *ensemble*. Never I firmly believe, since the world began, has humanity reared so lordly a shrine of worship, to whatever deity or concourse of deities it may fervidly have paid worship. The opulence of gorgeousness in a smaller temple would have been merely theatrical; here, one can state without hyperbole, prodigalities of color and ornamentation are as suitably softened and devulgarized by the expansiveness of their environment as is the gaudiest of sunsets by the arc of sky in which it glows and blooms.

St. Peter's does not only represent the living impulse of a tremendous faith; it also reveals to us that this faith, in former years, has perpetuated its existence by wresting countless trophies from a dead faith by whose pagan demise it materially profited. "Of the huge and almost incredible mass of marbles, of every nature, color, value and description, used in building St. Peter's, until the beginning of the nineteenth century," says Lanciani, in his "Ancient Rome," "not an inch, not an atom" (except in the case of a few columns of *cotanello*) "comes from modern quarries; they were all removed from classic buildings, many of which were

leveled to the ground for the sake of one or two pieces only."

It has often seemed to me, while roaming the matchless amplitude of St. Peter's, that there are two kinds of people who must value it above all others—the historian and the poet. In every direction that one chooses to gaze, the appeal of the past is intense beyond words, though proportionate, of course, to one's knowledge of history. Hundreds of strangers pass through St. Peter's without the faintest recognition of those world-stirring epochs and episodes which it so bounteously represents. By degrees, while I repeatedly traversed its imperial expanse; while I surveyed the unique *baldachino*, with its twisted pillars made of bronze taken from the roof of the Pantheon; while I stared up into its cupola, rendered the vaguest of concaves by more than five hundred feet of distance; while I heard the echo of my own footfalls on floors the most illustrious of earth's children had trod; while I moved my hand along the mottled marble baluster of the crypt, and counted, one by one, the ninety-five gilded lamps, forever kept alighted, over the stairway that leads to a spot adored by generations of worshipers as the tomb of Christ's most devout disciple (he who is said to have implored crucifixion with the head downward, so that he might suffer in the same mode and posture as did his beloved Lord)—while all these poignant sights and reminiscences addressed me, I became gradually assured of this truth already affirmed—that only two kinds of observers can at present most keenly estimate and enjoy the sublime meaning of St. Peter's, and that these two are the devout historian and the enthusiastic poet. The religionist (unless he may be also historian or poet) cannot feel the same ardor of transport. Sincerely though he may kneel and pray, his faith here is not more vital or insistent than if he bowed himself beneath the roof of one of the simplest churches in Rome. He believes; he worships; and there it ends. But the historian and poet are confronted by myriads of human memories, always vividly actual and sometimes too pathetic even for tears.

A source of continuous interest to me is the astonishing manner in which St. Peter's has slowly struck roots into the most inimical of soils and as slowly blossomed into the mammoth flower of defiance that we find it, flourishing at first (or shall we say at first only managing to live, and no more?) in an atmosphere violently hostile. If we should light upon this unrivaled basilica in Florence we would discern ten times more apparent reason for its localization there, since Florence has no Greek or Roman past of the slightest consequence, and as Firenze, not Florentia, all her laurels of fame have been won. Indeed, not till the middle ages did Florence obtain the least distinction, and I do not recall a single palpable record of her earlier days except, perhaps, the old three-tiered gate of S. Niccolo, standing gray and gaunt beside the rapids of the Arno. She has always been, from the time of her dawning political greatness to its present twilight, a strenuously Christian and Catholic city. The Lutheran reformation left her as orthodox as it left Spain. She burned her own Luther, whose name was Savonarola, though afterward bitterly repentant of the act. And yet one wanders through the chill, tenebrious aisles of her outwardly dazzling and multi-colored Duomo, and reaches the open air again with a sigh of relief. Everything there is austere and dismal. We feel the stern perfection of its architecture, with nave and apse and transept all repellent for somberness and only made in the faintest way companionable by their stained glass windows, piercingly radiant, each a rainbow riot of splendor.

No; it has been reserved for Rome alone to build, adorn and perpetuate St. Peter's; the most touching, eloquent and glorious declaration of Christian belief ever made by man. You may enter a hundred churches on either side of Tiber, but it is only after you have spent an hour or two in this one sovereign church of all that you perceive, clearly and profoundly, why Byron called Rome "the city of the soul."

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The Statesman—"I think my country has treated me shamefully."

His Wife—"Yes, indeed! To think that, after being concerned in nineteen revolutions, you should be allowed to occupy the Presidency only three weeks!"—Puck.

WESTERN MEN OF MARK.

BY WILLIS S. THOMPSON.

THE good fortune that has come to Hon. Nathaniel P. Hill of Denver is an illustration of the potency of education in the acquisition of wealth. In some respects Senator Hill may be called a self-made man, as, though his family was among the oldest in New York, his father was a farmer, and the early years of the Senator were spent in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the hardships of a farmer's life. Born in 1832, at the age of eighteen Senator Hill found himself in charge of his father's estate, and under these conditions managed to prepare himself by studying at night and in the winter seasons for a college course. At the age of twenty-one he entered Brown University, and developed a remarkable aptitude for the study of chemistry. So rapidly did he advance in this line that after only three years of study he was appointed a tutor, and in 1860, at the age of twenty-eight, was chosen professor of chemistry. Four years later he had acquired such a widespread reputation as a scientist that a number of wealthy gentlemen of Providence and Boston sent him to Colorado to examine the Gilpin Land Grant. In the following year he again came to this State, and made a careful and exhaustive examination of the mines of Gilpin County. Here was the opportunity, and the man was not slow in perceiving it. His knowledge of chemistry enabled him to see how imperfect were the methods of ore reduction then in use, and in order to acquire the most thorough knowledge of the subject possible he spent the winter of 1865-66 in Europe, studying methods of ore reduction. In 1866 he collected seventy tons of Colorado ore and took them to Swansea, Wales, for treatment. The result was so satisfactory that in 1867 he organized the Boston & Colorado Smelting Company, of which he has since been the active head.

Since that time the history of Senator Hill has been the history of Colorado. In 1879 he was elected Senator, serving a single term.



NATHANIEL P. HILL,
Chief Proprietor of the Denver
Republican.

Besides being the principal stockholder of the Smelting Company, he is the largest stockholder of the Denver *Republican*, the leading paper of Colorado; one of the principal owners of the Continental Oil Company, has large private holdings in the Florence Oil Fields, is the owner of large tracts of Denver real estate, and is interested in a variety of industrial enterprises in which he has invested for the purpose of aiding their development. Though doubtless several times a millionaire, no estimate can be made of his wealth. Quiet and unostentatious in all his affairs, he neither seeks nor avoids publicity, but has no ambition for posing, and therefore rarely refers to his private business, through which he has done so much for the State. He is calculated the wealthiest man in Colorado. Being a man of superior education, he is thoroughly capable of enjoying his large fortune to the fullest extent. His home is one of the most charming in Denver. If either Senator Hill or Mrs. Hill are extravagant in the handling of money, it is in the direction of making their home attractive, and in making it so the true idea of a home, as they have both learned to know it in their life in the New England States, has not been lost sight of. They are both very liberal in well-directed charity.

David H. Moffat is fifty-seven years old, and has been connected with banking nearly forty-eight years. When nine years of age he suddenly turned up missing from his father's farm in Orange County, New York. The senior Moffat seemed to have had some idea of the proclivities of his son, for he went to New York, and there met David on the street. He seems to have been a model father, for on learning that the boy had obtained employment in a lawyer's office, instead of giving the runaway a thrashing and taking him home, he went to see the lawyer. "A law office is no place for your boy," said the latter; "get him into a bank." And before his father had left the city young

Moffat was established as a messenger boy in a city bank. When sixteen years old he came West and entered the banking house of A. J. Stevens, at Des Moines, Ia. In the following year, when but seventeen years old, he went to Omaha as cashier of the Bank of Nebraska, remaining there until 1860, when he wound up the affairs of the bank and came to Denver, engaging in the stationery business. He was prosperous from the start and made money rapidly. During the early years of the war he had occasion to go to New York, and while there learned that a quantity of stationery could be secured at a very low figure. Moffat knew that the price would advance rapidly, and bought the stock, putting into the purchase every cent that he could raise. Within a year he sold out at a profit of from eight to ten thousand dollars.

In 1867 the First National Bank of Denver was organized, and Mr. Moffat took the position of cashier. With that institution he has been constantly connected as cashier for thirteen years, and for sixteen years past as its president. While building up the business of the bank until it has become one of the first financial institutions of the country, he has not been neglectful of other opportunities, and is recognized as one of the boldest as well as the most successful mining operators in the country. He was the partner of Senator J. B. Chaffee in mining and real estate as well as in banking, and, while Mr. Chaffee was a genius to plan daring strokes of enterprise, Mr. Moffat was equally brilliant in the execution of the details. He became interested in the Bobtail-Gregory Consolidated Mining Company, a property which has been a steady producer for thirty-five years, was mainly instrumental in the sale of the famous Caribou Mine of Boulder County, by which an enormous sum was realized for the Colorado stockholders, and was largely interested in other mines operated in the early days of mining in Colorado.

In the years following the panic of 1873, mining in which so much Colorado money had been invested, received a severe blow, and in consequence the First National Bank lost quite heavily, and during 1877 its failure was frequently predicted. But Mr. Moffat was equal to the occasion, brought the bank safely through its difficulties, and with rare courage commenced the Leadville investments which largely increased his private fortune and that of his associates. In 1879 he and Mr. Chaffee purchased the interest of August Rische in the Little Pittsburg Mine, and organized the Little Pittsburg Consolidated Mining Company with a capital stock of two million dollars, one-fourth of which was sold in New York for one million dollars cash in two weeks. Subsequently H. A. W. Tabor's interest in the Little Pittsburg was purchased, and within two years from the discovery of the mine Mr. Moffat's profits from this property alone aggregated more than a million dollars.

In all Mr. Moffat's mining operations his principal associate has been Eben Smith, while in his railroad enterprises Syl T. Smith has been his representative, and during thirty years the relations between these gentlemen have remained undisturbed. For the past sixteen years they have been, with scarcely an exception, successful in all their undertakings. They own nearly six thousand acres of valuable mineral land in the Leadville Mining District, an interest in the Victor Mine at Cripple Creek for which they have been offered seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a controlling interest in the Anaconda Mine at Cripple Creek, and a large number of other Cripple Creek mining interests; a controlling interest in the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad, and in the Florence Reduction Works, a controlling interest in the great tunnel which is to tap the mines of Cripple Creek at a great depth, the construction of which will cost between one and two million dollars; rich mining properties in New and old Mexico, large blocks of Denver real estate, and several valuable properties in the San Juan Mining District. Mr. Moffat's wealth would be hard to compute, but the magnitude of his holdings is such that conservative estimates place it at not less than ten million dollars, which is increasing at the rate of two million dollars per annum.

"WHO was best man at the wedding?"

"The bride's father, if cheerfulness counts for anything."—*Puck*.

LORD ROSEBERY ON BURNS.

"Lord Rosebery made an interesting speech at Dumfries on the centenary of Burns's death," says the *Spectator*. "He quoted many of the poet's most memorable sayings—some of them, as is quite natural, in one tone, and others in a very opposite tone, as, for instance, the following: Years before his death, he said, 'God have mercy on me, a poor damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool, the sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonizing sensibility, and Bedlam passions.' And, as Lord Rosebery justly observed, 'There was truth in this outburst.' But again Lord Rosebery quoted the true prophecy which Burns uttered to his wife, 'Don't be afraid, I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present.' And so he is, if 'respect' includes the feeling of delight with which the world regards his poetry, and is not limited to its purely personal estimate of the man. 'Burns,' said Lord Rosebery, 'had honor in his lifetime, but his fame has rolled like a snowball since his death, and it rolls on.' 'Burns statues are a hardy annual.' We are, indeed, not sure that the poet's failings have not contributed to the love which Scotland bears him, at least among those who understand and share his weaknesses. Indeed, it is chiefly as the great poet of 'Tam o' Shanter' that he has conquered every one who can read his verse."

MEXICAN MOSAICS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The British Museum possesses several very beautiful and valuable examples of Ancient Mexican mosaic work. These, together with examples in other European museums, have been figured and described by Mr. A. Oppel in *Globus*. The most important material of these mosaics is turquoise; in none is it wanting, and on one shield in Vienna it is the only stone employed, tesserae of shell (white, light red, and purple-red), nacre, malachite, gold, obsidian, and other materials are also employed. The masks, head-dresses, shields, and other objects which were decorated in this sumptuous manner, were evidently employed in the ancient religious ceremonies.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

"A story told of Lord Kelvin is that during a long course of lectures on magnetism his characteristic definition of an ideal magnet as 'an infinitely long, infinitely thin, uniform, and uniformly and longitudinally magnetized bar' was received with applause, which drew a sharp 'Silence!' from the professor. Before the end of the session the definition and reprimand had been so often repeated that the students one day, through accident or design, did not respond. Lord Kelvin, however, from force of habit, cried out 'Silence!' all the same."

TO RENEWING SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR EDITION OF
LORD TENNYSON'S POEMS

is in six (6) volumes, large type, and is the best edition of this favorite author's works published. You cannot procure this set of books from any other publisher for less than \$8.00 or \$10.00. On sending us a renewal of your order you will receive this great work, fifty-two (52) copies of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*, and twenty-six (26) novels by the best living authors, paying fifty cents (50c.) on delivery of the premium and fifty cents (50c.) month until the \$6.50 is paid.

The following list of novels will be sent to our subscribers in the order named:

DEVIL'S DICE.

By William Le Queux.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BRILLIANTS:

OR, MRS. ELLIOT'S HEIR.

By Edith C. Kenyon, and the Rev. R. G. Soans, B.A.

WHAT CHEER?

By Clark Russell.

CITY OF REFUGE.

By Sir Walter Besant.

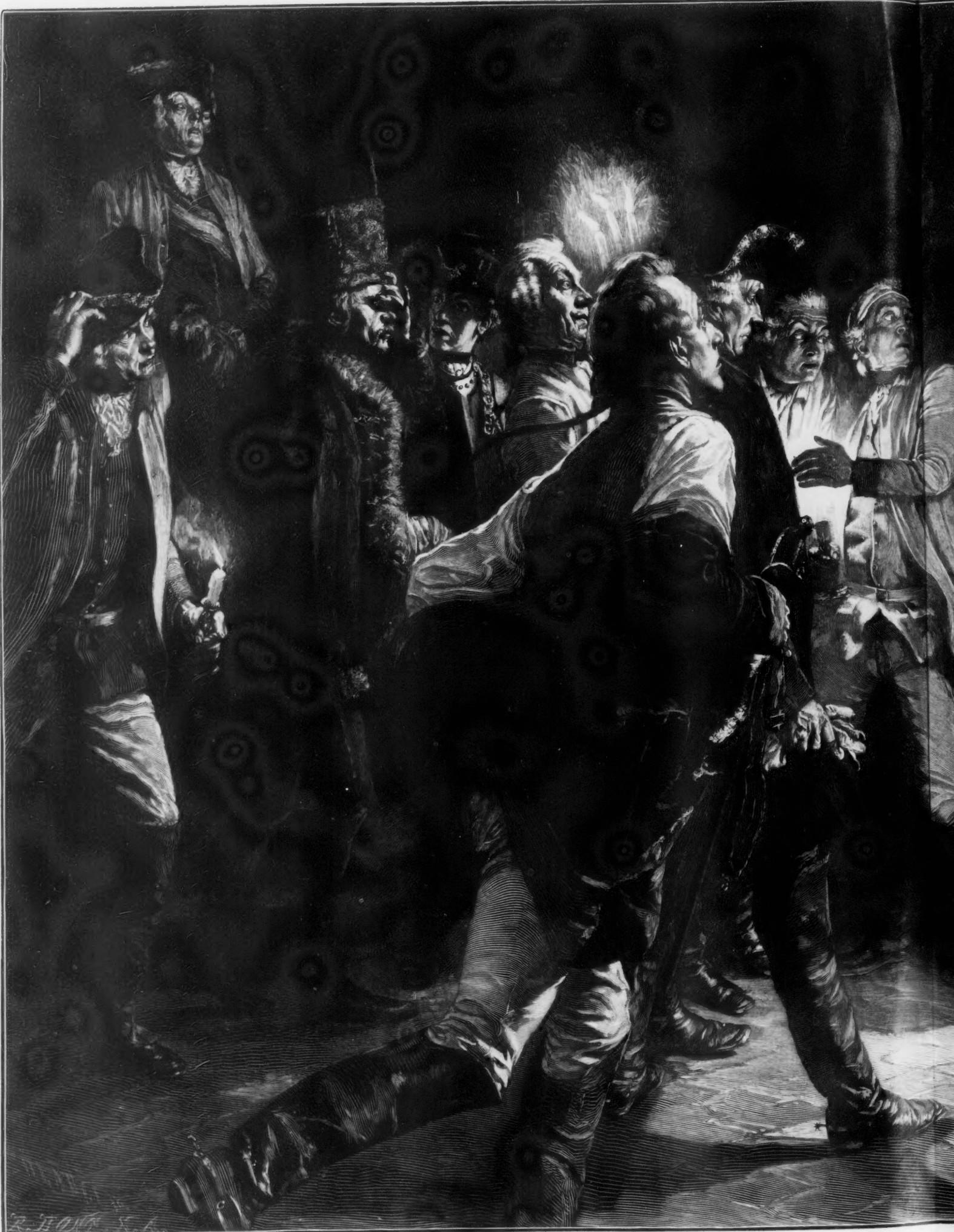
LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

By Edgar Fawcett.

Three Novels by Austria's Greatest Writer, entitled: EVIL EYE. MAXIMUM. CON FIOCCHI!

Ossip Schubin.

Here is a wealth of the world's best fiction. It is included in your subscription to *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*. These novels are all copyrighted in this country, and, after being issued in our Fortnightly Library, they will be sold for \$1.50 per copy. In the next three months subscribers to *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* will receive at a merely nominal cost \$8.00 worth of books by the foremost living writers of fiction, this being the first presentation of these works to the American public.



"GOOD-EVENING, GENTLEMEN."—AN INCIDENT IN
From photo, Photographic U



INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.
Foto, Photographic Union, Munich.



BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.

BLINNVILLE was going to have a grand Fourth of July celebration, something which had never happened before in its one hundred years of existence, and this is how it came about.

Civilization, in the shape of railroads, had never visited Blinnville, and as a consequence her sons had left the little town to try their fortunes in a larger field, and among them were the Blinns. A grandson of Hiram Blinn, the founder of the town, had gone to the oil regions just before the oil excitement had invested in land which proved to be rich in oil, and, before he realized his good fortune, was a millionaire.

He was now an old man, and had almost forgotten his native village, till one day, in looking over some papers which had belonged to his father, he found an old journal. Turning the time-yellowed leaves curiously, he came across this entry:

"July 4th, 1795. This day Cut the first Tree to build my House. The Settlement will be called Blinnville."

"Well, well," said Mr. Blinn, "is it possible that my grandfather founded the village of Blinnville one hundred years ago? Why, it is the centennial year of the village. Something ought to be done about it. I've half a mind—Here he suddenly pulled the bellrope.

A servant appeared at the door.

"Tell Miss Margaret I wish to see her at once."

"Yes, sah," and the door closed on the woolly head to open presently and admit a tall young girl of perhaps seventeen years of age.

"You said yesterday, Margaret, that you wished we could go away on the Fourth. Read this"—handing her the journal—"and tell me what you think of going to Blinnville, taking a quantity of fireworks, and celebrating the centennial of the little town that my grandfather founded."

"The very thing!" cried Margaret, jumping up and dancing about. "I know it will be fine. When can we go and where is Blinnville?"

Money paves the way to the accomplishment of many plans, and two days later Margaret and her grandfather—they being the only surviving Blinns—were on their way to Blinnville. They reached the little village just at sundown, the last seven miles of their journey being made in a stage-coach.

The only hotel was a dingy little inn called the "Blinnville House," kept by a widow of about fifty, born and brought up in Blinnville, and who cherished a profound respect for her birthplace. When she found that she was to have two Blinns for her guests she was quite overwhelmed, and hustled about to make extra preparations for their comfort.

By noon the next day every one in the village knew the object of Mr. Blinn's visit, and by night he had been visited by the selectmen and the prominent citizens, who promised him the most hearty co-operation in all his plans. The wildest rumors flew about among the boys. One reported that there were to be at least four balloon ascensions and that two men would jump from each balloon. Another asserted that every boy was to be given a full grown canion which he was to be permitted to fire when and where he chose. Mr. Blinn, quite ignorant of these Broblignanian stories, consulted with the selectmen and made arrangements to have an old-fashioned Fourth with an oration, reading of the Declaration of Independence, a procession, and in the evening a grand display of fireworks.

During the time which intervened before the Fourth Margaret spent in making the acquaintance of the young people of the village, and in visiting interesting places in the vicinity. One object that specially attracted her was an old windmill. The woodwork had fallen to decay, but with this exception the mill was in quite good preservation. It stood at the top of a hill, and from its doorway a fine view of the village and the country could be seen. It became a favorite point with Margaret for her evening walk, and with two or three of the village girls she used to watch from the doorway the sun set behind the distant hills.

When the packages of fireworks for the cele-

bration arrived nearly the whole population of the village were gathered on the wide green in front of the hotel to watch the unloading. As bundle after bundle was handed down from the stage one of the boys exclaimed:

"Jiminy! I guess he's bought all the fireworks in Boston."

On the outskirts of the crowd Margaret noticed a little fellow on crutches, who, though evidently much interested in the proceedings, the moment any one came near him drew back as if afraid.

"Who is that lame fellow over there?" said Margaret to a girl standing near her. "I have never seen him in the village before."

"Dear me, I hope not!" was the reply. "That's a little workhouse boy. Nobody wants him round. I'm going to send him home."

"Oh, no, don't do that. Let the boy enjoy himself if he can. I'm going to speak to him." So saying, she slipped through the crowd and was soon by the side of the cripple.

"Come up nearer, little boy," she said. "You can't see what they are doing back here. I'm Miss Blinn, and I want every one of the boys to have a good time with the fireworks. Come and get some of the firecrackers with the other boys."

"Oh, mum," said the boy, "you don't know who I be. I'm just a work'us boy. I lives up to the work'us and Mis' Bemis sent me out a little while 'cos she's tired hearin' my crutches. I can't go up there, the boys won't have me round."

In spite of Margaret's promises of protection he could not be persuaded to go any nearer, so she went back, and, gathering up several pack-

final preparations for the celebration were completed. A large staging had been erected in the center of the green and trimmed with evergreens. Flags floated from every house-top, and even the trees were hung with the national colors.

The programme was arranged, and it seemed as if the day must be at least forty-eight hours long in order to have time enough to carry it out. At midnight there was to be a salute of one hundred guns, at daybreak another. At ten A.M. there was to be a procession in which so many were to take part that it was doubtful if there were any spectators. All the garrets had been ransacked for old fashioned costumes. Knee-breeches, three-cornered hats, snuff-colored coats, and old muskets had been exhumed from their long rest, and were to be worn by the young men who represented the "Old Continentals." The girls had made themselves short-waisted gowns, and with white caps and aprons, and snowy kerchiefs pinned across their breasts, made as pretty a band of Puritan maidens as was ever seen.

After the procession there was to be an oration, and Mr. Blinn was to read the Declaration of Independence. In the afternoon the young men and women were to give recitations, music and dialogues suitable for the day. At sunset there was to be another salute, and as soon as it was dark enough the fireworks were to be set off, and thus would end the great celebration.

Mr. Blinn had given every boy in the village a quantity of small fireworks, and they were quite at a loss to know just how to spend the dimes and quarters they had been hoarding for weeks before the Fourth. They met several times to devise something new and startling to mark the day, but nothing seemed to be just the thing. At last Frank Hilliard said one day when they were discussing the matter:

"I've thought of something fine. Let's put all our money together, and buy powder and—"

"Oh, pshaw!" shouted half a dozen boys at once. "We're not going to fire off any old anvil. Much of an idea you've got!"

"Now hold on a minute," retorted Frank. "If you say another word till I'm through talking I won't do a thing about the tableaux in the afternoon, and I'd like to know who will be Powhatan if I don't."

The saving of Captain John Smith was to be the tableau of the afternoon, and as Frank was the possessor of the only Indian costume in the village the success of the tableau depended on his good nature; therefore the boys subsided at once.

"What I was going to propose," continued Frank, "was this. You remember Mr. Burdick said he was going to tear down the old windmill this fall. Now we can save him the trouble of tearing it down by buying all the powder we can, put it all round in the stones, fix a long fuse, and light it the evening of the Fourth and astonish everybody with a grand explosion."

"Jiminy!" "Geewhilkins!" "E pluribus Unum!" "Three cheers for Frank!" These and similar exclamations followed the unfolding of Frank's unique plan for celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Blinnville.

The place which the boys had chosen for their council of war was on a bridge which spanned a creek in a pasture near the poorhouse. While they sat on the edge of the bridge dangling their feet over the water a pale, scared face peered out from the other end and looked carefully around. It was the face of Lame Benny, the workhouse boy. He had discovered a swallow building her nest under the bridge and had come from time to time to watch her. It was time that the eggs on which the bird had been sitting patiently were hatched, and Benny, finding that he had a free hour, had come down to the bridge to see the young birds. While he was under the bridge the boys had come to it for their council. Benny remained quiet, dreading their unkind words and jeers if he came out, and had thus been an unwilling listener to their plans. He hoped that the boys would go away without finding him, but as the minutes flew by and they showed no intention of leaving, his dread of Mrs. Bemis's wrath conquered his fear of the boys and he crept cautiously out. He might have succeeded in getting away without being discovered had not a small dog belonging to one of the boys seen him and set up a furious barking.

(Concluded next week.)



THE OLD WINDMILL.



THE NAMES OF THE STATES.

BY H. L. WILLIAMS.

If Knowledge, like to Charity, begins within the home,
You ought to know your native land before afar you roam.

So, while you use so flippantly the names of every State,
Be sure to learn particulars and whence they derive.
As many States as twenty-six recall their former lords,
From whom our hunters, soldiers took with rifles, axes,
Swords.

There's INDIANA, first of all to tell of source so clear,
Since Indian stands boldly out, with female tag, "A," dear.

"Tekas" was erst for TEXAS, a native term for all
They understood as Paradise, and ever so it fall!
OHIO has its river, "Veiled White with Rushing Froth,"
And IOWA calls warriors whose foes fled at their wrath.
In COLORADO, torrents swift the waters dye like paint,
And vision quick the colors marked which gave the title quaint.

See OREGON, which pours upon Pacific's placid breast,
It to the savage wand'r roared: "I'm the River of the West!"

(Stay! for even sages differ, Uncertainty will reign!
Some say it's oregano, merely "sage," in tongue of Spain!)

KENTUCKY, where the blue-grass thrives o'er many a war-field red.

In innocence, was "Hunting-ground up at the river-head."

And TENNESSEE means plainly, to those tracing line and trend,

"The Territory of the Flow which takes a Mighty Bend," Water is still the feature where WISCONSIN seemed, to "Lo!"

"A Wildly Rushing Channel," as far as sight could go,
Thus to pioneers was pictured each scene streams beautify,

From MICHIGAN'S "Lake-country" to MINNESOTA's "Cloudy-sky."

And the Natchez—quite forgotten!—Nay; their name clings to a town,

Hailed MISSISSIPPI: "Father of All Waters" (looking down)

NEBRASKA, little altered, to us (as 'twas, when new), Showed "Shallows on the Flat-land," where farms are fair to view!

ALABAMA! Oh, how smoothly that leaves the loving tongue!

Yields peace as when the Hunted said: "Here Rest We!" flowers among,

"Up 'mid the Great Hills Country" MASSACHUSETTS dwelt of yore,

When the pious rigid fugitives came its thickets to explore.

All highlands strike out wonderment, when scouts beneath them met.

MONTANA, that is "Mountainous"; and "Gem in Mountains Set."

Poetic, true, for IDAHO; so, on NEVADA, yet,
Those "Snowy" giants rise that made the Spaniards halt and fret.

How diverse from WYOMING, where the past race speaks again.

For to them, where low our cattle, it was "the Wide, Wide Plain."

Where are the countless "Tribes of Men," who thronged broad ILLINOIS?

For that's the gist, with tag of French to *Illiini*—an ois. Ah! scarce become the Sioux braves, who o'er DAKOTA spread,

For once that Nation numbered "Many Bodies 'neath One Head."

UTAH! "Contented People": how unlike NEW MEXICO, Where "the Aztec Battle-demon" reared his throne on human woe!

ARIZONA is our Tropic, and the heat falls hale if strong, E'er to this brilliant region "The Blessed Sun" belong! Arena of fierce struggles, CALIFORNIA we behold, As did the Spaniard, rightly, "A Realm of Plenty Gold."

Although he, too, sought treasure, De Leon aimed at health,

And, on "the Day of Flowers," saw in FLORIDA, its wealth.

In contrast to sierras, ay clad in glistening ice,
VERMONT's a Verdant Mountain, and that's its fond device.

In the East, the English footsteps tread out the former reigns,

Sparing few barbaric chieftains; of the rest faint trace remains.

Contention on a needle—"LITTLE RHODY" is a bone:
The Dutch said: "Rhode" for "reddish"—did some Knight of Rhodes bemoan?

When its likeness to his islet by memory was shown?
Embalming his dear Hampshire, whence the settler Mason came,

We have the greater HAMPSHIRE within Columbia's claim.

VIRGINIA's to commemorate "the Virgin Queen," great Bess—

Essex forgot, and Raleigh! and her Highness we would bless.

CONNECTICUT has ever its "River of Length"—a sign That red men stemmed its current and there fished with grassy line.

YORK reminds us of the brother of Stuart, Second Charles;

And JERSEY, isle of cattle with those eyes of liquid pearls.

"My MARYLAND!" our Maryland—witness, Maria, Queen Of Charles, his sire—few unhappier crowned heads have been!

The English and the Latin will commingle in that word
PENN-SYLVANIA—that's "Penn's Woodland"—*Penn*, "mightier than the sword!"

Another Briton sets his seal on yet another State:

For DELAWARE was English peer, whom thus we celebrate.

GEORGIA's the best memorial of England's Second George,

While MAINE's that Duke of Maine whose brother Louis' stateless gorge

LOUISIANA swallowed, although, then, that monstrous tract

Interlinked the swelting Gulf and the Four Great Lakes ice-racked,

The CAROLINAS, too, hark back to them our friends or foes.

For Charles the Ninth was King from whom fled exiled Huguenots.

But peace! upon these memories, chiefs, monarchs and the rest!
At least one name's American, it's WASHINGTON, and best!

GLIMPSES AFIELD.

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL.

"KATE FIELD died in Honolulu, May 19."

Thereby hangs a tale; in its finale a pathetic

tale, withal.

No girl ever began life with better mental equipment than did Kate Field. To an extraordinary intellect, keen sensibilities, and indomitable will, she added that most magnificent capstone, consecration. Her uncle by marriage, Milton Sanford, of Newport, who during her girlhood was a very rich man, offered to make her his heiress if she would resign her ambitious dreams, and live the life of the ordinary wealthy girl in his family. Her refusal necessitated the making of her own way in the world; a task which she undertook with the greatest alacrity.

Her story has been outlined by hundreds of journals—a story with the most vital part left out. She has been called, and truly, the most versatile of America's daughters. She might with equal truth have been called the most brilliant.

Sometimes lacking *finesse*, she never lacked sincerity or courage. If her words sometimes cut too sharply, she was never silent from motives of personal policy. To her efforts the international copyright was largely due, and on the labor question her suggestions were not more trenchant than practical. For her championship of free art she received the highest distinction the French department of instruction can bestow, the "decoration of the order of palms of the academy."

Her courage amounted to audacity, her intellectual power to splendor, her persistence to devotion. A daughter for America to foster, to support, to honor.

And yet, if all were known, in that distant land there died, alone, a disappointed, disheartened, disenchanted woman. She had given of herself loyally, unselfishly, lavishly. When ill health began to overtake her, and her brilliance to dim, there were for her scant refuge, meager resources. It is known by a few friends that her last years were full of wearing anxiety. Her financial straits were the consequence of the decline of health and vigor which made it impossible for her to hold her place. As a forlorn hope Hawaii was sought. Its climate might remedy the health, and its fresh material for literary matter help to refill the purse. But in a double sense "it is the spirit which giveth life," and this spirit was baffled, tethered, outworn, and when disease came that which otherwise could have withstood its besiegement was lacking. All of which suggests three questions.

Can America, for its honor's sake, for the sake of its growth as a moral and an intellectual nation, afford to allow its men and women of genius to wear themselves out by worry? Army officers who serve for a comparatively short time are pensioned, and it is a badge of honor to be thus cared for by the nation. Is intellect so far less valuable than martial sagacity? Who better serves the nation, its soldiers or its thinkers? What the more make a country's wealth, its standing army and its warships, or its teachers in various channels? Whoever helps, as did the author of "America" and the "Marseillaise," to keep alive a nation's loyalty, whose assists in arousing a nation's justice and humanity, as did the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whosoever stirs up the spiritual consciences of men, as does Moody, whosoever universally ministers to the sick, as does Clara Barton, whoso is instant in season and out of season in urging a nation's claim to aught that

elevates and ennobles, and the right of individuals to first claim on the products of their own brains and hands, as did Kate Field, is a public benefactor, and should, in case of need, be cared for by the nation, not as a charity but as a duty and privilege, as in the case of retired army officers.

Can America afford succor and sustenance in this direction? A few extracts from "Footlights" may throw some light on this subject. We quote:

"WHAT AMERICA PAYS THEM.—Sarah Bernhardt's salary is \$1,500 a week. Yvette Guilbert received under her recent contract \$7,000 a week, and Calve earns \$1,200 for each of her appearances. Mr. Grau's engagement with Guilbert lasted only two weeks, after which she returned to the cheap prices of Paris. Calve's contract lasts five months, but during that time she sings only twice or three times a week, after which she returns to the moderate salaries of Europe. Melba receives \$1,500 a night in this country, but in Paris is content with \$300 a performance. But Sarah Bernhardt's contract continues through summer and winter, and every Saturday night she pockets \$1,500. Averaging the entire income of each performance, we should say that Calve earns \$50,000 a year, Guilbert about \$35,000, while Bernhardt is sure of \$78,000 annually for five years."

With Bernhardt, Calve, and Melba on the boards four thousand two hundred American dollars are paid out for one night's entertainment, and these nights are several times repeated each year.

Need there be any argument about America's ability to pay for that which she really wants?

And this reminds us to ask, Why should these foreign artists receive so much larger salaries in America than they command at home? Why is Melba paid three times as much for a performance here as in Paris? Why does Calve receive such exorbitant prices in America while in Europe she is only moderately remunerated? Of course the sums paid the very best American actresses or singers do not approach the prices given these foreigners. If we have no really developed artists at home why does not America put some of her surplus funds into a conservatory where singers and actors can be trained as they are trained in Europe? It cannot be that America is entirely void of the elemental potentialities of artistic greatness.

Is America really and always for Americans? A government by the people, for the people?

If an inhabitant of another planet was suddenly landed among us, and bidden to decide by our preferences, customs, and manners what form of government was ours, think his task would be an easy one?

A government by the people, for the people. The will of really how many people? In the interests of really how many people? By what token know the common people that they have a wise and fatherly-motherly government of which every man's well-being is the serious care? Manufactories are idle, thousands are suffering for want of employment, hundreds are driven by desperate circumstances to suicide, tramps are infesting the country, and everything waits in anxious suspense for the inauguration of a new era.

A republic with republican principles and republican ideals.

At a recent date the Czar of the Russias was crowned. "The God-adorned man," "the God-selected" man, he was called, and roubles were spent by millions in celebrating his coronation. With the knowledge that in Siberia multitudes were groaning beneath life-long captivity and frightful toil for honestly-uttered opinions, that multitudes more were being robbed, and tortured, and left untaught, our republic spent thousands of dollars to lay before its people the most lengthy and minute particulars of the ceremony when despotism was recrowned and imperialism re-established. Is our republicanism becoming a tradition? An ideal which has lost its charm? Where are the "mighty men of valor" and the women of earnestness and loyalty who will preserve America a nation for Americans, with American principles and proclivities?

To no paper in America is tribute more truly due than to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which always nails the stars and stripes to the outer wall, and in spirit and precept is a republican of the republic.



THE DIVING RAFT. LADIES BATHING IN ENGLAND



UNVEILING THE NEW STATUE OF BURNS AT IRVINE, SCOTLAND, JULY 18. ILLUSTRATED NEWS



ONE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING CAKES



THE COMING AMBASSADOR LI HUNG CHANG AND HIS RETINUE



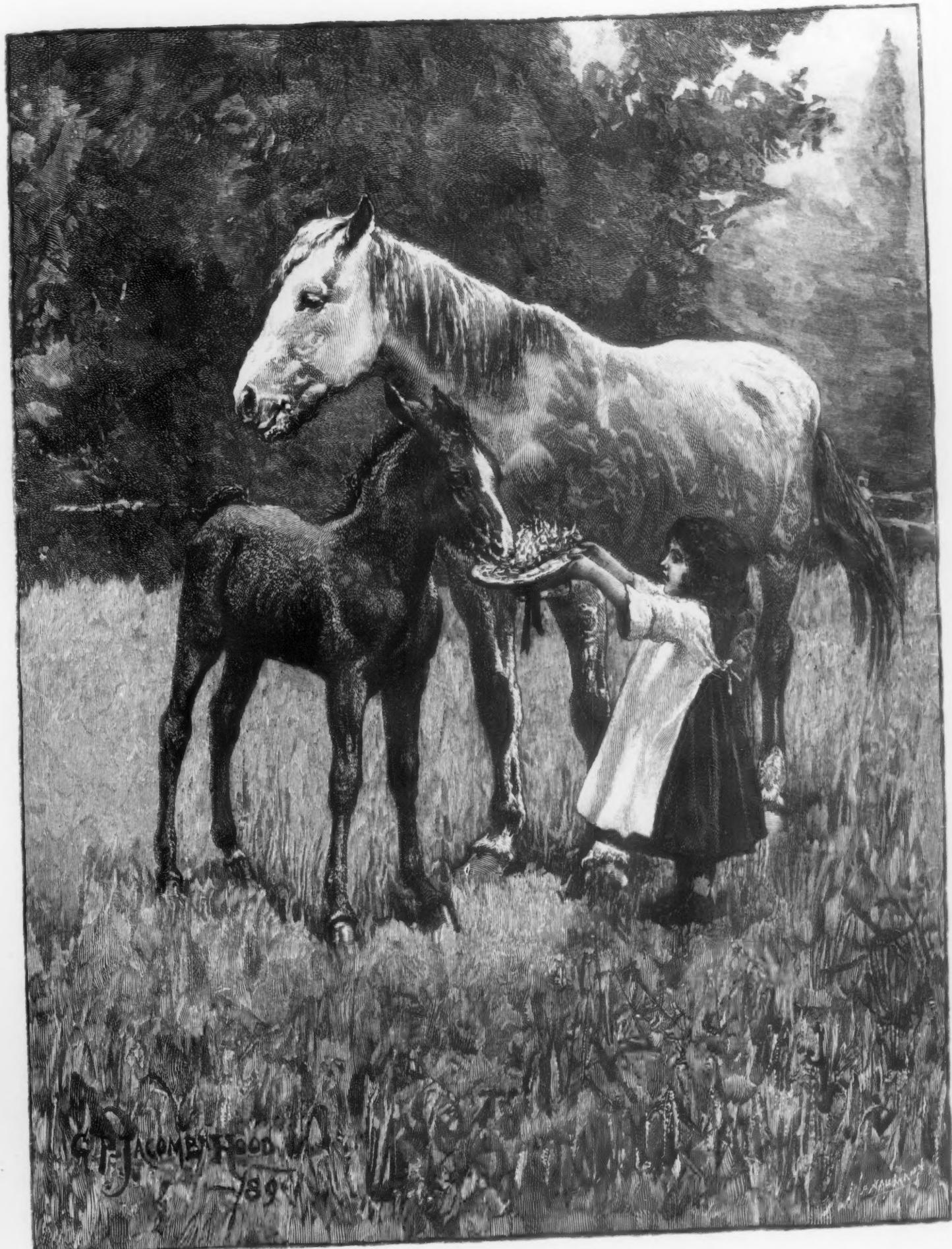
ONE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING CAKES

PICTURES OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST.

AUGUST 20, 1896.]

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

13



IN CLOVER.

THE WEEK AT HOME.

THE country, both West and East, has suffered intensely during the last week from the unprecedented spell of heat and humidity which has swept over it. Deaths from prostration have been numerous, and in all the large cities ambulances and hospitals have been kept in an unusual state of activity. Coincident with the enervating and sometimes fatal work of the heat have been the ravages of severe storms throughout the West. In Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and other States great tracts of land have been laid waste by wind and rainstorms, trees and buildings being uprooted and demolished by the force of the wind.

The coroner's jury at Atlantic City, N. J., has rendered three verdicts in regard to the fatal railroad accident at that place July 30, by which forty-four people were killed. The first, signed by all the jurors, states the manner of the death of the people over whom the inquest was held. The second, signed by three jurors, finds Edward Farr, the engineer of the express train, who was killed in the collision, guilty of not following the rules governing the approaches to crossings, and censures Hauser, the towerman, for not giving the right of way to an express over an excursion train, and Engineer Greiner of the excursion train for not using greater care. The third verdict, signed by three other jurymen, censures Farr.

The advocates of a gold standard in the Democratic camp have decided to hold a convention in Indianapolis September 2. Thirty-three States were represented at the conference recently held in that city, and the decision was practically unanimous. General John M. Palmer of Illinois was chosen permanent chairman of the provisional committee.

President Cleveland and Secretary Olney, it is said, are considering the question of officiallying Li Hung Chang on the occasion of his proposed visit to this country. Under the presumption that the Chinese statesmen will be particularly interested in American warships it has been suggested that the entire North Atlantic Squadron should rendezvous at New York to be inspected by him. It is probable, too, that he will be afforded an opportunity to review the United States troops.

Dr. Alvah H. Doty, Health Officer of the Port of New York, has left for Havana where he will investigate the outbreak of yellow fever and smallpox on the island of Cuba. He expects to be able to gather sufficient data in the course of his visit to enable him to intelligently discriminate regarding incoming passengers from that island. He will appoint an agent at Havana in the person of some reputable physician who will co-operate with him in the effort to prevent the spread of contagious diseases to this port.

The American line steamship "St. Louis" has broken the record from Southampton to New York. She made the passage in six days, two hours and twenty-four minutes, beating by three hours and eight minutes the record of her sister ship, "St. Paul."

The State Department in Washington has received a report on the new rolling steamboat designed by the French marine engineer, Bazin, which has lately attracted considerable attention. It is a distinct innovation in marine architecture, and its inventor claims for it a speed of about sixty miles an hour. The boat, as its name indicates, will not slide, as is the case with ships now, but will roll on the water by means of huge hollow wheels or rollers. The vessel consists of a large platform, holding the boilers, machinery, saloons, cabins, etc., which is supported on each side by movable hollow wheels. The power is used partly to propel the whole by means of screws or paddle-wheels, but principally to propel the rollers. M. Bazin asserts that this device gets rid of water friction and resistance, and with a minimum of expense and power attains a fifty-knot speed. He now has under construction at the St. Denis dockyard a rolling boat of two hundred and eighty tons displacement, to be driven by seven hundred and fifty horsepower, which will be utilized by a screw and three pairs of side rollers, each about thirty-three feet in diameter. This boat will make its first trial trip in a few weeks, on the Seine, thence across the Channel and up the Thames to London.

A monument to Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, will be

OPIUM AND MORPHINE "HABITS."

If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine, write me at once. My treatment is radically different from all others; contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures quickly, without suffering. Free trial; if not satisfied, it costs you nothing. Carlos Brusard, M.D., 187 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

unveiled August 19, at Williston, Vt. Governor Woodbury will formally accept the monument for the State and ex-Governor Stewart will deliver an historical address.

There has been considerable speculation in Washington relative to the probable successor of Admiral Beardslee as Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific fleet. The Admiral will not be formally relieved of his command until the fall, although his tour of duty will expire this month. One rumor has it that Admiral Ramsay has been slated for the post, but this is contradicted by those who claim that Admiral Ramsay will be appointed one of the ~~Santa~~^{U.S.} ~~Cuba~~^{Alaska} Harbor Commission. General George Dewey has applied for General Beardslee's command, and his friends are confident that he will be appointed.

Recent refugees from Cuba bring tales that seem to indicate that the Spanish atrocities there have been in no way abated. Among the latest arrivals were the sister and son of the Cuban general Lucret, who traveled under the name of Duthill. Their sudden and secret departure from the island, it seems, was due to a threat by the Spanish authorities. General Lucret has been doing considerable damage to the Spanish lines of transportation, frequently using dynamite to destroy railroad bridges and trains. The Spanish authorities warned him that if he did not discontinue his mode of warfare they would retaliate by blowing up his home, containing his family, near Santiago. His sister, hearing of the threat, effected her escape with the boy to New York.

One of the notable features of the approaching annual meeting at Saratoga of the American Bar Association will be the presence of Lord Chief Justice Russell of England and several members of the English Bar. Lord Russell will deliver an address on "International Arbitration." The Bar Association meets every second year at Saratoga, and in the alternate years in some large city, usually in the West. Addresses will be delivered this year by Moorfield Storey of Massachusetts, James M. Woolworth of Nebraska, Austen G. Fox of New York and Joseph B. Warner of Massachusetts. Montague Crackanhorpe, Q.C., one of the visiting barristers, will also speak, taking for his subject "The Uses of Legal History."

The Greeks in this city are taking intense interest in the uprising in Crete against the Turk, and a fund is being raised to aid the Cretans in their struggle. Among the contributors are well-to-do Greeks who have in most instances become naturalized citizens. The street vendors of the race are not behind them in aiding the work according to their means. A noticeable feature about this fund is the denial made that any of it is being used for sending Greeks from this city to fight the Turks. On the contrary, it is said that all the money is remitted by cable to the National Committee at Athens, which is raising money for the Cretan cause. Well-informed Greeks here say that at least forty men have gone from this city to fight in the Cretan ranks. The poorer Greeks declare that five hundred of them would go to Crete if they had the means. On the other hand, well-known members of the Greek population here insist that the Cretans have all the men they want. While the poor Greeks of this city are contributing openly of their earnings and have turned in about sixteen hundred dollars in behalf of the cause, there seems to be little doubt that the few wealthy Greek merchants of this city have been responding liberally to appeals from the National Committee in Athens. But some of these merchants have business relations of one kind or another with Turkey, and therefore what they do is known to no one on this side. Their contributions are sent to some one in Athens known personally to them, and so the source of these cannot be traced back. If it could be, it would mean ruin to any business interest of the contributor in Turkey.

The programme of the sesqui-centennial celebration of Princeton University has been published. The celebration will occupy three days, October 20, 21 and 22, of the present year. The exercises will begin with a commemorative religious service in the Marquand Chapel at eleven o'clock in the morning. President Patton will deliver the discourse. The second day of the celebration will be alumni day. The exercises will begin with the delivery of the sesqui-centennial oration and the sesqui-centennial poem. Professor Woodrow Wilson, of the Department of Jurisprudence in Princeton, has been elected to deliver the oration. Professor Wilson is an alumnus of Princeton, having been graduated in 1879. The poem will be by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, pastor of the Brick Church, New York, an alumnus of Princeton in the class of 1873. The

third day of the celebration is the actual one hundred and fiftieth anniversary day of the founding of the college, and the sesqui-centennial celebration proper will take place on this day, beginning at 11 A.M., with an academic procession to Alexander Hall. There addresses will be delivered by President Cleveland and President Patton. The formal assumption of the university title will be announced, when the old College of New Jersey will become in name, as it has actually been for some years, Princeton University. A large committee of prominent alumni, trustees and faculty of Princeton are perfecting the arrangements to carry out this programme, and nothing will be left undone to make this the most elaborate academic festival yet held in America. A large number of leading men have already signified their intention to attend the celebration.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE "EXCLUSIVE" RAILWAY COM-PARTMENT.

We are accustomed to American criticism of the ultra-conservatism of British railroads in clinging to the old style of railway compartments in spite of its many disadvantages, but are not so familiar with attacks on the system from the English press. The following paragraph from the *Referee* will, therefore, be interesting, inasmuch as it demonstrates that Englishmen are beginning to throw off the yoke of precedent. The *Referee* says:

"The outrage on the Brighton Railway raises a question upon which I have long had a decided opinion—namely, that our present system of railway compartments is wholly wrong, and that the public ought to insist upon the adoption on all lines of corridor trains. Railway directors, when approached on this subject, declare that the English traveling public like the exclusiveness of the compartment system. Well, for the benefit of those who like compartments, let them attach a carriage of the existing pattern to every train. But I do not believe this talk about exclusiveness, which is only indulged in by directors unwilling to be disturbed in their present groove, and disinclined to renovate their rolling stock. No board of directors giving intelligent thought to the subject would ever have adopted the compartment system to begin with. The fact is, they drifted into it. The idea of the early railway carriage-builders was to make the railway carriage resemble as closely as possible the stage coach which it was supplanting. In some of the earlier types of carriages the stage coach, with its belying panels, was reproduced with grotesque fidelity. But between the position of a passenger inside a stage coach and that of the traveler locked up in a railway compartment with a homicidal maniac, a cut-throat, robber, or some other description of modern English thing for sole companion, there is a difference. On a long express journey the hapless traveler is as far removed from help as if he were in the middle of a wilderness. No amount of care can guard against this danger, for when you have been left alone in a compartment, a stranger of unknown character and intentions may jump in at the last moment. You may start well on your journey, but there is absolutely no knowing what adventure may befall you before getting to the end of it."

A QUESTION FOR NAVAL SHARPS.

The necessity for the reorganization of the navy seems to be a fruitful topic for the pens of its critics. The strong feeling among the officers over the relative standing of the various branches of the service has long been familiar to newspaper readers, and now a new difficulty seems to have presented itself for solution. We read in a recent issue of *Town Topics* the following paragraph:

"The consensus of opinion among the officers of Admiral Bunce's fleet would seem to be that the great need of the navy is a reorganization of the personnel of the rank and file. The ships, so far as they go, are of the best, the guns and armor of the highest class, but there are not inducements enough held out to the enlisted man to make a life profession out of the navy. An apprentice serves his time and a cruise and sees but a small prospect before him in the way of reaching warrant rank, while, on the other hand, he has received an education and training which fit him for many shore vocations, and he takes the earliest opportunity to get on the Police or Fire Department force, or to secure employment as a mechanic or electrician. This is all very well in its way, and, as a rule, these navy-trained men are very valuable, but their services are lost to the navy, and the result is that that essential backbone of a military service, a body of trained men whose lives are devoted to their duties, is not in numbers what it

should be. The remedy would seem to be to hold out greater rewards for long and faithful service, and to increase the chances of promotion by an increase of the warrant-officer force, which is to the personnel of the ship what the sergeants are to the regiment."

LI'S NAME AND RANK.

The *Saturday Review* gives us some information relative to Li Hung Chang's name and titles that will probably interest our readers. It says:

"As some confusion occasionally betrays itself on the subject of Li Hung Chang's style and titles, it may be worth noting that he has the rank of Ambassador, but bears letters of introduction only to the sovereigns of the several Courts he is visiting, without any special mission. The Chinese—reversing our custom in this as in so many other respects—put the surname first. Li Hung Chang, therefore, is equivalent to Smith Henry James. Li Chung Tang, as he is often called, means Grand Secretary Li. In the days of the Taiping rebellion he was known familiarly as Li Futai—Futai meaning 'Governor' of the province of Kiangsu, which was then his rank. Sometimes he is spoken of as Li Han-lin, in reference to his membership of the Han-lin College, which comprises the cream of literary talent and rank. It is an interesting feature of his tour, as indicating the cosmopolitan character of the Chinese customs service, that a Commissioner of Customs of the nationality of the country was imperially appointed to act as his equerry during his stay in each of the States he is to visit."

ENGLISH BATHING ETHICS.

The question whether or not the sexes should be allowed to bathe together at the large watering-places is now agitating England. Hitherto they have been rigorously separated, the English sense of decorum not permitting them to mingle in the ocean. The absurdity of this custom was recently demonstrated by the arrest of a man at Ramsgate for meeting his wife in the water in order to teach her how to swim. It is probable that the pressure of public opinion will result in the removal of the restrictions. England is now the only country where the sexes are kept separate while indulging in sea-bathing. In America and Continental Europe no such separation is known.

THE WEST SHORE ROAD'S GUIDE BOOK.

The West Shore Railroad has issued an attractive guide to those contemplating summer tours or vacations in any of the many attractive places in interior New York. The guide is issued in a very handy form, and is inclosed in an artistic cover executed in water-color. It contains full information for the tourist as to places to be reached by this road—distance from the metropolis, hotel accommodations, points of interest, etc.—and is profusely illustrated from drawings and photographs. It is a comprehensive and useful hand-book for anybody contemplating an escape from the overpowering heat of August and early September in the city. Anybody desirous of obtaining a copy of this guide can do so by addressing N. B. Jagoe, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 363 Broadway, New York.



Shipped anywhere
C. O. D., at lowest
whole sale prices

\$100 Oak wood for \$57.50

\$100 "Arlington" " " 59

\$62 " " 53

\$20 "Bicycle" " 516.75

Latest models, fully guaranteed; pneumatic tires, weight 17½ to
20 lbs. all steel and brass. Large illustrations throughout free.

Cash Buyers Union, 162 W. Van Buren St. B-57 Chicago

Large illustrations throughout free.



MR. CHATTERDON—"I've decided to go into business, Miss Weatherbee."

MISS WEATHERBEE—"I'm very glad to hear it, Mr. Chatterdon."

MR. CHATTERDON—"Yours, I've made up my mind to become a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a mawing and see the butterflies making butter, and the grasshoppers making grass—and all that sawt of thing, you know."



Catalogue on application.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY, MFG. CO.,
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York,
Brooklyn, Detroit, Coventry, England.

In answering, please mention COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

To Opponents OF The Single-Tax

You judge of our reform without complete understanding of our principle or our position. There is only one national exponent of the single tax, and that is

The Single-Tax Courier,

W. E. BROKAW, EDITOR.

Price \$1 a Year.

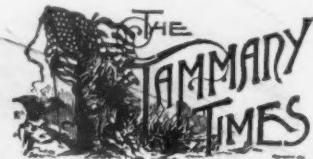
Subscribe For It,
Read It, Then
Criticise Us!

SHERIDAN WEBSTER, Manager.
810 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

 **FAT FOLKS** reduced 15 lbs. a month; any one can make remedy at home. Miss M. Aimley, Supply Co., 100 W. 10th St., New York City, will send the "No Starving" No sickness. Sample box, etc., etc. HALL & CO., H.B. Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

\$5.00 IN GOLD.

Presented to any person sending Five Subscriptions to



The GREAT DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY
of New York.

Containing timely, interesting matter relative to subjects

POLITICAL,
SOCIAL and
HUMOROUS.

Subscription, postpaid, \$4.00 a year.

SEND 25c. For sample copy and beautiful photo-engravings and signatures of prominent Democratic statesmen, or history of Tammany Hall.

TAMMANY TIMES CO.,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

In answering, please mention COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Salesmen Wanted—\$100 to \$125 per month and expenses; staple line; position permanent, pleasant and desirable. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. CO., T 191, Chicago.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS
Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

NOT POSSIBLE.

Haverly—"I see there is a movement on foot in England to change American histories in their schools."

Austen—"Nonsense! She can't change American history. She tried that a hundred years ago."—*Fuck.*

TOO OFTEN.
Sometimes I wish we had a king,
Our lots, I think, 'twould soften;
For then the deuced election year
Would not come round so often.

HE who denies himself pleasure for the sake of others is truly great; while he who does so for the love of money is contemptibly little.

THERE ARE MANY COOL RETREATS

ON THE LINE OF

"The Overland Route"

You will find
Fishing In Rocky Mountain Streams

- - - Bathing In Great Salt Lake
Curative Water In Guyer, Hailey and Utah Hot Springs and Soda Springs, Idaho

Send for Advertising Mater before you Arrange for your Summer Outing
E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.



VILLA MARIA ACADEMY, 139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

THE LADY SUPERIOR.

ONCE A WEEK BINDER

Will Hold

52 Copies of the Paper.

Price, \$1.00.

SENT POSTAGE PREPAID.

Cash must accompany order.

Have the READERS
OF Collier's Weekly
LOCOMOTIVES and Trainmen require to haul the
TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAIN of the
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD
from ST. PAUL TO PORTLAND, more than 2,000 miles!
Send for our Tourist Book, Wonderland '96, and then you will know.
CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

